ATYS
AND
ADRASTUS,
A
TALE

In the Manner of *DRYDEN*'s FABLES.

By Mr. WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Fellow of
Clare-Hall in *Cambridge*.

Infelix! Nati funus crudele videbis.
Hi noſtri reditus, expectatique triumphi!
Hæc mea magna fides! —— Virg. Æn. viii.

LONDON:
Printed for R. MANBY, on *Ludgate Hill*:
And Sold by M. COOPER, in *Pater-noſter Row*. MDCCXLIV.
[Price One Shilling.]

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T A L E.

In the Manner of DRYDEN's FABLES.

By Mr. WILLIAM WESTHEAD, Fellow of
Clare-Hall in Cambridge.

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Heliz! Nati flores crudelis videbis!
Ille nefri rudibus, cæpedarius triumphi!
Hæc mea magnus Iulus! —— Virg. Æn. viii.

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* ATYS and ADRASTUS

A TALE.

WHERE *Hermus'* Waters waſh the *Lydian* Strand,
The pow'rful *Cræſus* ſtretch'd his wide Command,
A Warriour King, whoſe willing Subjects bow'd
To ſceptred Worth, ſuperior to the Croud.
Vaſt was his Wealth, for Conqueſt ſwell'd his Store;
Nor what enrich'd the Prince, had left the People poor.

Two Sons he had, alike in outward Mien,
The tender Pledges of a dying Queen.
But ſpeechleſs one ne'er taught his Sire to melt
With liſping Eloquence by Parents felt;
And mimic Art in vain Expedients ſought,
To form the Tongue, and free th' impriſon'd Thought.
Yet blooming *Atys* well that Loſs ſupply'd,
Atys the People's Hope, and Monarch's Pride.
His beauteous Soul thro' every Feature glow'd,
And from his Lips ſuch ſoft Perſuaſion flow'd,
As Nature had withheld the Brother's Share,
Only to pour a double Portion there.

* This Story is related in the firſt Book of *Herodotus's* Hiſtory. The Author is tranſlated from the Greek by Mr. *Littlebury*.

But vain thoſe Graces, ſince conceal'd from View
They droop in Shades, and wither where they grew.
For one dread Night, as o'er the weary King
The drowſy God had ſtretch'd his leaden Wing,
He ſeem'd, he knew not where, in Wars engag'd,
And, whilſt around the doubtful Battle rag'd,
Saw from ſome hoſtile Hand unerring Part
A fatal Spear, that pierc'd his *Atys'* Heart.
He ſtarts, he wakes,—'Tis Night and Silence all!
Yet, ſcarce confirm'd, he ſtill beholds him fall;
Still bleeds in Fancy's Eye the gaping Wound,
On Fancy's Ear the dying Groans reſound,
Again he ſleeps, the ſame ſad Scenes return ——
Reſtleſs he rolls, and waits the ling'ring Morn.

What can he do, or how prevent a Doom,
Which Heav'n foretels, and Fate has ſaid ſhall come?
" And yet perhaps the Gods theſe Dreams inſpire,
" To ſave the guiltleſs Son, and warn the Sire.
" Too fond of Arms I've wander'd far aſtray,
" While Youth and blind Ambition led the Way.
" And ravag'd Countries may perhaps demand
" This bleeding Sacrifice for Wrongs ſuſtain'd.
" Then hear me, Gods, propitious, while I ſwear
" Peace, only Peace, ſhall be my future Care.
" O wou'd your Powers but ſave my darling Boy,
" No more this Breaſt ſhall glow, this Arm deſtroy!

" Nor e'er ſhall *Atys* the dire Sport purſue,
" Still in my Court, and ſeldom from my View,
" In Eaſe inglorious ſhall he paſs his Days,
" Untaught to feel th' inſatiate Luſt of Praiſe.
He ſpake, and cautious far away remov'd
From *Atys*, what next *Atys* moſt he lov'd,
The Pomp of War: No Falchions guard the Gate,
And Chiefs unarm'd around his Palace wait.
Nay farther ſtill extends a Parent's Fear,
Ev'n Arms themſelves he dreads, and moſt the Spear;
Nor leaves of ancient Wars the weak Remains,
But ſtrips their Trophies from the mould'ring Fanes,
Leſt, fixt too looſely form the faithleſs Stone
The caſual Steel ſhou'd drop, and pierce his Son.
Thus ſome ſweet Warbler of the feather'd Throng
Deep in the thorny Brake ſecures her Young;
Yet, vainly anxious, feels a fancied Woe,
And ſtarts at every Breeze that ſtirs the Bough;
With ſilent Horror hears the whiſp'ring Groves,
And diſtant Murmurs of the Spring ſhe loves.
Unhappy Sire! but vainly we oppoſe
Weak human Caution, when the Gods are Foes;
Thy Story's Sequel muſt too ſurely prove,
That Dreams, prophetic Dreams, deſcend from *Jove*.
Nor yet ſhall *Atys* thwart thy fond Deſigns:
He moves implicit as his Sire inclines.

On every Look his eager Duty hung,
And read his Wiſhes, e'er they reach'd his Tongue.
With Smiles he ſtrips his Helmet's plumy Pride,
With Smiles he lays his uſeleſs Spear aſide;
Nor lets one Sigh confeſs a latent Care,
Reſerving all his Griefs for his *Adraſtus*' Ear.
Adraſtus early did his Soul approve,
Brave, virtuous, learn'd, and form'd for *Atys*' Love,
A *Phrygian* Youth, whom Fate condemn'd to roam,
An exil'd Wand'rer from a cruel Home.
For, yet a Boy, his inadvertent Lance
An Infant Brother ſlew, the Crime of Chance.
In vain he wept, no Expiation knew,
And loaded with a Father's Curſe withdrew.
But not in vain the Gods ſuch Ills diſpence,
If ſoft-ey'd Pity takes her Riſe from hence,
If hence we learn to feel another's Pain,
And from our own Misfortunes grow humane.
This young *Adraſtus* found, and hence confeſs'd
That mild Benevolence, that warm'd his Breaſt.
Hence too his Fortune ſtretch'd a bolder Wing,
And plac'd her Wand'rer near the *Lydian* King.
There long the favour'd Youth exalted ſhone,
Dear to the Sire, but dearer to the Son.
And pow'rful Sympathy their Hearts had join'd
In ſtronger Ties, than Gratitude can bind.

With him did *Atys* every Sport purſue,
That Health demands, and earlier Ages knew.
At Morn, at Eve, at ſultry Noon, with him
He rov'd the ſunny Lawn, he ſwam the Stream;
Beſide the Brook, that dimpling glides away,
Caught the cool Breeze, and lur'd the finny Prey;
Urg'd the light Car along th' indented Mead,
Or hung impetuous o'er the looſe-rein'd Steed,
Beneath whoſe Hoof unhurt the Flowrets riſe,
And the light Graſs ſcarce trembles as he flies.
But chief he lov'd to range the Woods among,
And hear the Muſic of *Adraſtus'* Tongue
With graceful Eaſe unlock the letter'd Store,
For that he learn'd from him endear'd the Knowledge more.

Of *Thales'* Wiſdom oft the Converſe ran,
How varying Nature's beauteous Frame began,
And erſt to different Forms the Waters flow'd,
As o'er the Chaos mov'd the breathing God.
And how, confirm'd, when ſome few Years had roll'd,
Expecting Nations did at length behold
Predicted Horrors of a darken'd Sun,
And Spheres that ſhone with Luſtre not their own.

Of *Solon* too he ſpake, and Laws deſign'd
To guard fair Freedom, not enſlave Mankind——
And hinted oft what mutual Duties ſpring
'Twixt willing Subjects and their Father King;

How close connected Greatness was with Pain,
What earthly Bliss, and who the happy Man.
Nor less the while his youthful Breast he warms
With pictur'd Fights, the Theory of Arms;
Lest Honour's Barrier shou'd be quite o'erthrown,
And Virtue weaken'd e'er she mounts the Throne.
Thee, *Homer*, thee with Rapture they peruse,
Expand the Soul, and take in all the Muse;
Mix with thy Gods, with War's whole Ardor burn,
Or melt in silent Tears o'er *Hector*'s Urn.
How oft transported wou'd young *Atys* cry,
" Thus might I fight, 'twere glorious thus to die!
" But why to me are useless Precepts given,
" Tied down and pinion'd by the Will of Heav'n?
" No early Wreaths my coward Youth must claim,
" No just Ambition warm me into Fame,
" Hid from the World to rust in Sloth, and buy
" A poor precarious Life with Infamy.
" Happy, thrice happy, on each hostile Strand
" The Youths that perish'd by my Father's Hand,
" Their Honor still survives, and o'er their Tombs
" Their Country's Tears descend, and Laurel blooms.
" To Life alone the Victor Sword's confin'd, ——
" Wou'd you indeed distress, employ a Love too kind.
As oft *Adràstus*, studious to controul
With Reason's Calm the Tumult of the Soul,

Wou'd hint to what Exceſs ſoever wrought,
Paternal Fondneſs was a venial Fault.
Perhaps, as lenient Time ſtole gently on,
His Fears might ſoften, or be quite o'erblown,
And Sun-bright Honour only be delay'd
Awhile to burſt more glorious from the Shade.
" Yet think," he cried, " whatever they appear,
" Few are the Cauſes can excuſe a War.
" To raiſe th' Oppreſt, to curb th' inſulting Proud,
" Or ſhou'd your injur'd Country call aloud,
" Ruſh, ruſh to Arms, 'tis glorious then to dare,
" Delay is Cowardice, and Doubt Deſpair.
" But let not idler Views your Breaſt enflame
" Of boundleſs Kingdoms, and a dreaded Name.
" 'Tis yours at Home to ſtem Oppreſſion's Waves,
" To guard your Subjects, not encreaſe your Slaves;
" On this juſt Baſis Fame's firm Column raiſe,
" And be Deſert in Arms your ſecond Praiſe."
'Twas thus in Converſe, Day ſucceeding Day,
They wore unfelt the tedious Hours away,
Till *Atys'* twentieth Year to bloom began,
And the Boy roſe inſenſibly to Man.
What now ſhall *Cræſus* find, what *Syren* Voice,
To make Retirement the Reſult of Choice?
No Father's ſtern Command theſe Years allow,
A Chain more pleaſing muſt detain him now.

In roſy Fetters ſhall the Youth be tied,
And *Myſia*'s Captive Fair the choſen Bride.
Haſte, gentle God, whoſe Chains unite the Globe,
Known by the blazing Torch, and ſaffron Robe,
To *Lydia* haſte, for *Atys* blames your Stay,
Nor fair *Idalia*'s Bluſhes brook Delay;
O'er Glory's Blaze your ſoft Enchantments breathe,
And hide the Laurel with the Myrtle Wreath.
And now the King with ſecret Tranſport found
His Hopes ſucceed, nor fears a martial Wound,
While loſt in Love the happier *Atys* lies,
The willing Victim of *Idalia*'s Eyes.
O thoughtleſs Man! from hence thy Sorrows flow,
The Scheme projected to avert the Blow
But makes it ſure——for ſee, from *Myſia*'s Land
Round liſt'ning *Atys* crouds a ſuppliant Band.
Their Tears, their Cries, his eaſy Breaſt aſſail,
Fond to redreſs them e'er he hears their Tale.
" A mighty Boar the Curſe of angry Heav'n
" Had from their Homes the wretched Suff'rers driv'n.
" Waſte were their viny Groves, their riſing Grain,
" Their Herds, their Flocks, th' attendant Shepherds ſlain,
" And ſcarce themſelves ſurvive.
" O wou'd but *Atys*' lead the hunter Train,
" Again their viny Groves, their waving Grain

" Might riſe ſecure, their Herds, their Flocks encreaſe,
" And fair *Idalia*'s Country reſt in Peace."
The Youth aſſents, th' exulting Crouds retire;
When thus impatient ſpeaks the trembling Sire,
" What means my Son? preſerv'd, alas in vain,
" From hoſtile Squadrons, and the tented Plain,
" To ruſh on Death—recal your raſh Deſign,
" Mine be the Blame, and be the Danger mine,
" Myſelf will lead the Band." The Youth return'd,
While his fluſh'd Cheek with mild Reſentment burn'd,
" Will *Græſus* lead the Band, a Hunter now,
" Skill'd in the Fight, and Laurels on his Brow?
" Alas, ſuch Mockeries of War become
" The Loit'rer *Atys* fearful of his Doom.
" To him at leaſt theſe Triumphs be reſign'd,
" That not entirely uſeleſs to Mankind
" His Days may paſs; Theſe Triumphs all his Aim,
" Theſe humble Triumphs ſcarce allied to Fame.
" And yet, dread Sir, if you command his Stay,
" (O force of Duty!) *Atys* muſt obey.
" Alas on you whatever Blame ſhall fall,
" A Father's Fondneſs can excuſe it all.
" But me, of me, if ſtill your Power withſtands,
" What muſt the *Lydian*, what the *Myſian* Bands,
" What muſt *Idalia* think?" *Adraſtus* here,
Soft interpos'd. " Great King diſmiſs your Fear;

" Nor longer *Atys'* firſt Requeſt oppoſe;
" War was your Dream, no War this Region knows,
" For humbler Prey the Hunters range the Wood,
" Their Spears fly innocent of human Blood.
" Then fear not them.——Or had the phantom Boar
" Dug deep the Wound, and drank the vital Gore,
" That dreadful Viſion had excus'd your Care,
" Nor *Atys* offer'd an unheeded Prayer.
" I love the Prince, and, but I think his Life
" Safe as my own, would urge him from the Strife.
" Permit him, Sir,——this Arm ſhall guard him there;
" And ſafely may you truſt *Adraſtus'* Care,
" For, ſhou'd he fall, this Arm wou'd ſurely prove
" My Boſom feels a more than Father's Love."

As, when impetuous thro' th' autumnal Sky
Urg'd by the Winds the Clouds diſparting fly,
O'er the broad Wave, or wide extended Mead
Shifts the quick Beam, alternate Light and Shade;
So glanc'd the Monarch's Mind from Thought to Thought,
So in his varying Face the Paſſions wrought.
Oft on his Son he turn'd a doubtful Eye,
Afraid to grant, nor willing to deny.
Oft rais'd it, tearful, to the bleſt Abodes,
And ſought in vain the unregarding Gods.
Then look'd conſent. But added, with a Groan,
" From thee, *Adraſtus*, I expect my Son."

Why

Why ſhou'd I tell, impatient for the Fight
How *Atys* chid the ling'ring Hours of Night?
Or how the roſeate Morn with early Ray
Streak'd the glad Eaſt, and gradual ſpread the Day,
When forth he iſſued like the *Lycian* God?
Looſe to the Breeze his hov'ring Mantle flow'd;
Wav'd the light Plume above, behind him hung
His rat'ling Quiver, and his Bow unſtrung.
He mounts his Steed, the Steed obey'd the Rein,
Arch'd his high Neck, and graceful paw'd the Plain.
E'vn *Cræſus'* ſelf forgot a while his Fear
Of future Ills, and gaz'd with Tranſport there.
Or why relate, when now the Train withdrew,
How fair *Idalia* ſigh'd a ſoft adieu;
How *Cræſus* follow'd with his Voice and Eyes,
Fond to behold, but fonder to adviſe,
And oft repeated, as they journey'd on,
"From thee, *Adraſtus*, I expect my Son."
Suffice it us, they leave the Waves that flow
O'er Beds of Gold, and *Tmolus'* fragrant Brow,
They paſs *Magneſia's* Plains, *Caicus'* Stream
The *Myſian* Bound, that chang'd his ancient Name,
And reach *Olympus'* Verge, whoſe Summit nods
O'er *Phrygian* Fields, nor boaſts aſſembled Gods.
Here Deſolation ſpread her ghaſtly Reign
O'er trampled Vines, and diſſipated Grain,

And ſaw with Joy revolving Seaſons ſmile
To ſwell her Pomp, and mock the Lab'rers Toil.
Led by her baleful Steps the Youth explore
His dark Retreats, and rouſe the foaming Boar.
Hard was the Strife: his horny Sides repel
Unting'd the plumy Shaft, and blunted Steel.
The Dogs lie mangled o'er the bleeding Plain,
And many a Steed, and many a Youth was ſlain.
When now his well-aim'd Bow *Adraſtus* drew,
Twang'd the ſtretch'd String, the feather'd Vengeance flew,
And ras'd the Monſter's Neck: he roars, he flies,
The Croud purſues, the Hills reſound their Cries.
Full in the Centre of a Vale, embrown'd
With arching Shades, they cloſe the Savage round.
He wheels, he glares, he meditates his Prey
Reſolv'd to ſtrike, reſolv'd to force his Way;
But *Atys* timely ſtop'd his fierce Career,
And thro' his Eye-ball ſent the whizzing Spear,
And joyful ſaw him reel; with eager Speed
He bares his ſhining Blade, he quits his Steed;
" ---Ah ſtop, raſh Youth, not Conqueſt you purſue,
" Death revels there, the wretched Victim you;
" You ruſh on Fate"——in vain--he reach'd the Beaſt,
He rais'd his Arm, and now had pierc'd his Breaſt,
When in that Moment from the adverſe Throng
A Heav'n-directed Spear *Adraſtus* flung,

Glanc'd o'er the falling Beaſt the fated Wood,
And fix'd in *Atys'* Breaſt drank deep the vital Flood.
The ſtrugling Prince impatient of the Wound
Writh'd on the Spear, the Crouds encloſe him round,
Then ſunk in Death unknowing whence it came,
Yet, ev'n in Death, he call'd *Adraſtus'* Name,
" Where flies *Adraſtus* from his dying Friend,
" O bear me near." Poor Prince thy Life muſt end
Not in thy Murderer's Arms, he hears thee not;
Like ſome ſad Wretch fix'd to the fatal Spot
Where fell the Bolt of Jove, nor Ear, nor Eye,
Nor Arm to help, nor Language to reply,
Nor Thought itſelf is his. Oblig'd to move
As they direct his Steed, he leaves the Grove,
As they direct to *Sardis'* Towers again
In Silence follows the returning Train.

There too we turn, for there the penſive Sire
Now hopes, now fears, and pines with vain Deſire.
In every Duſt before the Wind that flies,
In every diſtant Cloud that ſtains the Skies
He ſees his Son return: till oft deceiv'd
No more his Eye the flattering Scene believ'd.
Yet ſtill he wander'd, and with Looks intent,
The fatal Road his darling *Atys* went.
There to averted Heav'n he tells his Pain,
And ſlaughter'd Hecatombs decrees in vain.

There to *Idalia*, frequent by his Side,
Relates his Fears, or ſooths the weeping Bride
With Tales of *Atys'* Worth, and points the Place
Where late he parted from their laſt Embrace.
And now, perchance, in Tears they linger'd there,
When ſlowly-moving real Crouds appear.
" What means," he cried, and ſhot a trembling Eye——
A Youth deputed by the reſt drew nigh,
And in ſad Accents told the dreadful Tale.——
Rage ſeiz'd the King; expiring, breathleſs, pale
Idalia ſinks, th' attendant Fair convey
With Tears, and Shrieks, the beauteous Load away.
" Where is the Wretch?--hear hoſpitable Jove!——
" Is this, is this thy more than Father's Love?
" Give me my Son——why ſtare thy haggard Eyes
" As fix'd in Grief? *here* only Sorrow lyes"---
And ſmote his Breaſt, " thy Life in Blood began
" A fated Wretch, a Murd'rer e'er a Man.
" O fooliſh King! by my Indulgence ſtole
" This Serpent near me, that has ſtung my Soul.
" This thy Return for all a King could ſhower
" Of Bounty o'er thee, Life, and Wealth, and Power---
" But what are thoſe? How great ſoe'er they be,
" I gave thee more, I gave myſelf to thee,
" I gave thee *Atys*, link'd in Friendſhip's Chain——
" O fatal Gift, if thus return'd again!

" Reach me a Sword——and yet, dear bleeding Clay, I "
" Can his, can thouſand Lives thy Loſs repay?"
Then burſt in Tears, " Heav'ns Inſtrument I blame,
" Tho' by *his* Hand, from Heav'n the Vengeance came.
" This Stroke, O *Solon*, has convinc'd my Pride;
" O had I never liv'd, or earlier died!
" Alas, poor Wretch, why doſt thou bare thy Breaſt,
" And court my Sword? tho' loſt himſelf to Reſt,
" This curſt of Heav'n, this *Crœſus* can forgive
" Th' unhappy Cauſe, and bids the Murd'rer live."
" Ah ſtop," he cried," and write the milder Fate
" Here with thy Sword, I only liv'd for that.
" Undone, I thought, beyond Misfortune's Power,
" O do not by Forgiveneſs curſe me more."
While yet he pleaded, to the mourning Croud
Forth ruſh'd *Idalia* by her Maids purſu'd;
Eager ſhe ſeem'd, with light Suſpicions fill'd,
And on her Face Heart-piercing Madneſs ſmil'd.
" Where is my wand'ring Love, ye *Lydians* ſay,
" Does he indeed along *Meander* ſtray,
" And rove the *Aſian* Plain?——I'll ſeek him there.——
" Ye *Lydian* Damſels of your Hearts beware,
" Fair is my Love as to the ſunny Beam
" The light-ſpread Plumage on *Cayſter*'s Stream,
" His Locks are *Hermus*' Gold, his Cheeks outſhine
" The Ivory tinctur'd by your Art divine.——

" I ſee

" I ſee him now, in *Tmolus'* Shade he lies
" On ſaffron Beds, ſoft Sleep has ſeal'd his Eyes.
" His Breath adds Sweetneſs to the Gale that blows,--
" Tread light, ye Nymphs, I'll ſteal on his Repoſe.--
" Alas he bleeds, O Murder, *Atys* bleeds,
" And o'er his Face a dying Paleneſs ſpreads!
" Help, Help, *Adraſtus*,--can you leave him now,
" In Death neglect him? Once it was not ſo.
" What, and not weep! a Tear at leaſt is due,
" Unkind *Adraſtus*, he'd have wept for you.
" Come then, my Maids, our Tears ſhall waſh the Gore,
" We too will die ſince *Atys* is no more.
" But firſt we'll ſtrow with Flowers the hallow'd Ground
" Where lies my Love, and plant the Cypreſs round;
" Nor let *Adraſtus* know, for ſhould he come,
" New Streams of Blood wou'd iſſue from the Tomb;
" The Flowers wou'd wither at his baleful Tread,
" And at his Touch the ſick'ning Cypreſs fade.
" Come, come--nay do not tear me from his Side,
" Cruel *Adraſtus*, am I not his Bride?
" I muſt,--I will--me wou'd you murder too?"
At this unable to ſuſtain his Woe,
" My Soul can bear no more," *Adraſtus* cries,
(His Eyes on Heav'n) " Ye Powers that rule the Skies!
" If your auguſt, unerring, Wills decreed,
" That States, and Kings, and Families muſt bleed,

" Why was I fingl'd to perform the Part,
" Unſteel'd my Soul, unpetrified my Heart?
" What had I done, a Child, an embrio Man,
" E'er Paſſions cou'd unfold, or Thought began?
" Yet then condemn'd an infant Wretch I fled,
" Blood on my Hands, and Curſes on my Head.
" O had I periſh'd ſo!---but Fortune ſmil'd
" To make her Frowns more dire.---This vagrant Child
" Became the Friend of Kings, to curſe them all,
" And with new Horrors dignify his Fall."
Then eager ſnatch'd his Sword, " for Murders paſt
" What have I not endur'd?---be this my laſt,"
And pierc'd his Breaſt. " This fated Arm ſhall pour
" Your Streams of Wrath, and hurl your Bolts no more.
" For Pangs ſuſtain'd Oblivion's all I crave,
" O let my Soul forget them in the Grave!
" Alas, forgive the Wretch your Judgments Doom,
" Dark are your Ways, I wander in the Gloom,
" Nor ſhou'd perhaps complain.---Be Grief *my* Share
" But, if your Heav'n has Mercy, pour it there,
" On yon heart-broken King, on yon diſtracted Fair."
He ſpake, and drew the Steel; the weeping Train
Support him to the Bier, he graſps the Slain,
There feels the laſt ſad Joy his Soul deſires,
And on his *Atys*' much-lov'd Breaſt expires.

O happy Both, if ought my Muſe cou'd ſhed
Of " Tears eternal that embalm the Dead;"
While round *Britannia*'s Coaſt old Ocean raves,
And to her Standard roll th' embattled Waves,
Fair Empreſs of the Deep; ſo long your Names
Shou'd live lamented by her brighteſt Dames;
Who oft, at Evening, ſhou'd with Tears relate
The murder'd Friend, and poor *Idalia*'s Fate;
And oft, enquiring from their Lovers, hear
How *Cræſus* mourn'd a twice revolving Year,
Then rous'd at *Cyrus*' Name, and Glory's Charms,
Shook off enervate Grief, and ſhone again in Arms!

Lately Publiſhed by the ſame Author, *Ann Boleyne* to *Henry* VIIIth, an Epiſtle.